

The Bell - finest fairy tale. Kings son in story
Hans - poor boy.

Thursday

Aug 5.

Copenhagen = We arrived here on Monday.
Luffy, Florence, Rosie Kaye & I. We were
given eighteen kroner to come first class
but we took 3rd class and saved a pile
of money. It was an uneventful trip
except crossing the ferry. I was sitting
eating on the boat when some one
from above (1st class too!) spit tobacco
juice and it splashed me. The people
were feeding the gulls out of their hands
and I blamed them - poor innocent
birdies. Luffy read us "Nige Baby" till we
nearly died with laughter. After waiting
hours for luggage we arrived at the
Klamehotellet - damn hotel is right.!!!
The Martha Washington hotel in New York is
an old ladies home - this ditto.!!! -
Even the bell hop - a lad of 80 summers
took us upstairs. There wasn't even a
desk to register at. We were showed to
our room - where oil painting galore
but thanks be no embarrassing pictures
this time, mere old oil paintings. Besides
having a carpet there were five rugs so we
could not get cold feet. There were many

lace curtains & draperies of solemn brown. One bed was in a darling alcove with a beautiful lace cover over pink, we tossed up & Kaye got the prize. Mine was a couch in our sitting room which boasted of a settee which looked like a padded piano, a mahogany desk, war drobe, quaint mirror dressing table & four chairs - the chamber maid speaks no English so we have a glorious time. We have no running water in our royal suite but all the necessary china wear. We were given dozens of keys, - a Key for ever drawer & door in the establishment. If one stays out later than 10 o'clock you have to unlock the hotel door too. Oh it's a smart joint - but - respectable. - oh! Nearly all Tuesday was spent at ticket offices & the American Consuls as I find it's much shorter to go via New York, & cheaper too. In fact I bought my ticket to Toronto for less here. Wednesday we wandered about and went in to see the Marble Church. We paid 25 pence and climbed into the tower. Oh Gods! It was some climb up narrow

spiral steps, you couldn't see in front of you and no fat person could venture there. The view repaid us for our efforts and we could see the many queer towers in the city. The church was built in 1600 and the king went broke so he finished the tower in marble, donated by the pennies of the people. We had to go down the tower a different way, we had a little more light but I'll say it was a dizzy descent but fun. We went on & viewed the king square & castle. The guards in front wore their big bear caps. We asked one if we could snap him. Of course he said no but immediately went in the sun, stood at attention & smiled, - so we did the trick as he gave us a broad wink.

I had been given a letter to some Danish people so had written & been invited for tea. Ellen Milling & her mother. Her father was in the Titanic disaster. She called & took us out to her place at Hellerup. She was a perfect darling. 24 yrs old, tall

21.03

the usual blanch fair hair & blue eyes. She wore a pink hat which matched the gay chintz sleeveless waist coat (very blanch) over her white dress. Her mother understood Eng. quite well and was a dear. Their son was an engineer in Canada & a great friend of Hon. Beams. We talked all evening and were then given the most heavenly cakes & wine. - um - it was good! They showed us their many blanch things and they were so interesting. We had such a lovely time. Coming home Kaye & I got on to the front open smoking part of the train & the motor man insisted we go back! The conductor put his hand thru a little opening like a letter box & we gave him his fare but the motor man was shy so opened the locked door & let us by in the car. When we reached the Ham hotel, the ~~dam~~ outside door was locked - not one ~~dam~~ light and the d-elevator was not working, - thus we grapsed up three flights of stairs. Laughed as

much as we could to give the dear old ladies a treat and to our surprise found we arrived at twelve o'clock. Tired - but happy - and not hungry. I must explain Kaye & I are poor as church mice, with hardly enough for food. We sleep in so as only to have 2 meals & only allow 4 kroner - (1.00) for meals a day. We pay 3. kroner (75¢) for rooms. Aren't we cheap, only luck blew our way in Allerup & we did not have to pay extra for rooms after the others left. We were given the best rooms & lived like kings on the fat of the land. We literally stuffed there cause we knew we must go easy here.

To-day we were in luck! First we were having early lunch with Ellen Milling, & took some pictures then we started out to hunt for a small harbor sign as a sovereign, but we couldn't find one. We were in great distress when we met one of the boys off the boat, Bue Büner who came to our rescue, - and more. Finally finding only one plate

Kaye & I tossed & I won. Gee was I tickled. We couldn't find another in town. Then Bae took us to have ice & Kaye and invited us out to his home to meet a friend, an authours who was sailing on Oscar to-morrow. We had the best drive out (our purses heaved a cheerful sigh) and we drove along by the sea. His home was by the sea with the most gorgeous gardens and instead of benches they had the most adorable toad stools to sit on. Bright red on top with spots. I loved them. Their house was most attractive, only most modern. The floors were all hardwood & in the most unusual design. His father was a lumberman. While drinking tea we found Kaye knew his fiancé in America & many he knew. How queer wasn't it. We met the writer & she's a jolly old soul only I made a break taking her for his mother.!! His mother & two sisters were most attractive & spoke perfect English. He gave us typical Danish souvenirs & droppe us back

leaving us at the museum where we saw the rummiest art. There was only one good picture — a Lizzian. The rest were nightmares. We walked all over the city after a plate for Kaye — & met. Bae again, but as we had worn him out before we let him go this time. We had the best dinner chicken & mushroom patties & a waiter who spoke Eng. Our last blow — but money's low! I'm tired as the devil now, but I've had a peach of day so must turn in after writing all this junk.

Aug. 6.
Fri

Of course we had much shopping to do at the last moment, we finally said our fond farewells to the Ham hotel & we really did have fun there. To our surprise we found the Oscar exactly like the Kellig, except the ladies lounge was a sickly green whereas Kellig was in nice blue. We found the usual band, only a few new pieces i.e. Yes Sir. That's my baby etc. We had no trouble getting on, but — alas poor

Flossie. She had a muddle with her visa coming & her trunk going. She had expressed it from Allerup and ye Gods it hadn't arrived! Thus at 15 mins. before sailing, she had to run or tani (to be honest) to the station hunt it up & rush back only to make it as they untied the gang-plank. || There was a great mob on the dock. Miss McKinsty, Miss Andrews & four of the girls. They gave us flowers and we had such fun saying good-bye. My whistle rose to the occasion & Oscar's voice did not have a show. || Some fond farewells were very sad. One lad with fuzzy hair and a christie hung on his mother's neck, buried his nose in a bouquet, clutched his flag & dragged himself up the gang plank! What fun. We were so ~~dam~~ hungry we could hardly wait. || We had a fine chicken lunch and I met Miss Colburn we had met the day before. Bane said she had the speed of 2500 words per minute & he was just about right. She's very interesting

though and heaps of fun. She smokes expensive Russian cigarettes! There are some interesting looking people aboard but I'm perfectly safe this trip! One rather good looking chick got on with two women. I don't know which one is the wife. I'm betting on a few old sentimental couples being newly weds, will have some fun! This afternoon we spent in sizing people up. One fat man with a dog has a wicked eye and we have all ready located him with the nurse! To night the band played in the usual manner & it was fun. We danced on deck and there was an awful slant. I'd roll down to the rail every time.

Aug 7.
Sat-

I woke this morning to the tune of the whistle & Gee - it meant Norway! I rushed like the devil to get dressed & rushed off to see if Blise & Helen were around - 7. A.M. - I might have known better, - no girls around - and no breakfast until eight. I managed to wait. Then we got our



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